

Red vs Blue: Rebirth

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Summary: In order to give Wash time to set off the EMP, Church rushes in to distract the Meta. This is what happens once he is inside the Meta, and the reality of who and what he is confronts him.

Red vs Blue: Rebirth

It's been... a very long time since I have written any fan fiction. And I mean... a very long time. I was what, 17? Sheesh. Dunno how much I'll write. Or if this thing will become longer. It may, depending on reviews. If you like it, drop me a line, a review, something. Just let me know. Reviews help me get motivated to write more xD just let me know. Thanks guys. I hope you enjoy

* * *

><p>"How much time do you need?"<p>

"Whatever you can get me. When the E.M.P. goes off-"

"When it goes off, I'll be fine. It only affects computers, remember? And I, am a mother fucking ghost."

The Meta was still staring, its AIs still fighting over what to do. As Church charged them, he could hear them arguing. "It's the Alpha! We found him!"

"_You idiot! We'll all be destroyed!"

"_No, the Alpha will save us!"

"_We can be whole again?"

"_Almost..."

"_Just to die. Again. Great."

"_You morons! The E.M.P. will go off any moment! We need to get out of here now!"_

"_You mean the EMP?"_

"_...I hope you all fucking die."_

Church rolled his eyes. This was what Wash thought he was? The source that made all of these idiots? He couldn't believe he was doing this.

He went right through the Meta, causing its body to convulse as Church fought for control. The Meta seemed like it wanted out of there. That it knew what was at stake, even as all the voices fought in the background.

"_We've got him, let's go!"_

"_No, we need to fix ourselves.."_

"_We can do that on the road!"_

"_We do it now!_"_

"_Then at least kill the fucker who's going to push that button!"_

"All of you just shut the fuck up! Jesus, how do you even get anything done in here with all of your bitching?"

The Meta growled in, what Church thought was, agreement.

And then, for a moment there was quiet.

Then...

"_Church?"_

"Oh fuck."

Church waded through the various programming and projections that made up the various AIs until he was face to face with one that he had hoped he would not see. Not here. Not this close to the end.

"Tex? No. You're not here. This is bullshit!"

"_I'm surprised you came here."_

"You're surprised? I'm amazed Wash knows me well enough to trick me into feeling like I needed to help!"

"_That's a lie and you know it,"_ One of the AI yelled.

"Oh, the hell do you know!" Church shouted back.

"_Jesus, you all really do act alike," _Tex said simply.

Church just stared at her. He wanted to help her. To get them out of here. To save her. She couldn't die. Not again. Not when he was this

close. He couldn't fail her. Not again.

"_You do know what all of this means, don't you? What I am? What you are? You know that if that E.M.P. goes off.." _

Church cut her off. "Of course I know that! Once it goes off, I'm dead. For good this time. But I figured, hey, what the fuck, right? I get away from those idiots in the canyon and I actually get some piece and quiet for once."

"_He knows!" _

"_He said it!" _

"_We can finally be whole!" _

"_Or at least as close as we can manage..." _

"But I severely underestimated how annoying those fucks are!" Church shouted, causing the AIs to be quiet once again.

Tex put one hand on her hip and shook her head. He knew she was smirking under that helmet. Even now, some things never changed.
_"Riiight. The selfish asshole was planning to go out quietly." _

"I wouldn't call this quiet," he snapped back.

"_Alright dick, keep it up. It's not like it's the end of the world or anything." _

Church rolled his eyes. "When the hell did that stop you?"

"_It never stopped me. But I remember you had a little... performance anxiety." _

"That's not what I meant!"

"_Is she talking about...?" _

"_How the fuck would I know?" _

"_Where's Epsilon when you need him..." _

"_You mean dead in a ditch?" _

"_Hey! Just like we all will be!" _

"_Why hasn't that E.M.P. gone off yet... Jesus I hate you guys." _

Church stared at her. "Are we really going to use the last of the time we have fighting?" I thought you died. I thought you were gone. I had hoped you were gone. Gotten far away from here and saved yourself. You were always good at that.

She smirked. _"It's part of our charm, isn't it?"_ She hesitated. He wasn't used to that. He didn't like it._ "Besides. I'm not saying goodbye. I hate goodbyes." _

"No. I'm not. I just..." Church looked at all the AIs. The parts of

him that had been ripped out of him. He looked at Tex. No. Allison. Memories flooded into his head. Her touch. Her smell. Her taste. And her coffin. Memories that couldn't have happened. Not to him. He shook his head. Epsilon had left him one last present. The son of a bitch.

Shrugging, Church looked at Tex and said, "I just wish we had more time."

Behind him, Gamma laughed.

There was a click. And then, there was nothing but a bright light.

End
file.